Jan 26
1937

Monday 230

Oh wicked wicked! I thought there was to be
no present giving. However, I admit the problem of
Xmas is fearfully solved. At first I thought it was
a kitten in a basket. But this dreadful wrong to
shower this extravagance upon a woman whom apts
ah you don't love. However ... it's exactly what I
want, as one end to stay. But this time truly.

Pippa came last night to discuss
possible managers. As we couldn't come round.
Have you done your paper? We went to a General-
— Miss Wertz: & Christabel has asked me
to lunch. B.

What am I to say
to Below!

237

52,
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.
Telephone: Museum 2621.

March
1937

I thought the show a great triumph
I wish I could express my critical
perceptions with any clearness.
rather subject that Mrs McDougall was
right & that you have penetrated to Shakes-
peare's heart than ever before. As
Cecily & Gwendolen she gave me the greatest pleasure.
I wish I could have seen more frequently, but
Everytime I began to look either the voice of
Curtis or the hurt of Sterne intervened.
I did think the one I got a devilishly lovely
one — but there were several others I
coveted. — Shall have to go back & look
again. "What a very jaded woman you
look in it!" an unknown lady remarked.
Yes. I'm jealous.

VB

1937

232

Le Grand Hotel

Souillac.

Today is Coronation day. So I suppose this 12th May: but so far we're not had a sign of it — but then we were at Rocamadour in a cave when it was going on. This is not a letter: only to catch you on my knees to write: of ye writs on 17th or 18th address to Poste Restante. Guéret, Creuse, France I should get it. I'm longing to hear about your show: has the Coronation affected it either way: what did Duncan Lee: oh any Royal gossip. Is Angelica back? And family news. In return I can't give much — save reflections on possible death in

fog in Channel. We stopped in the middle of the night & boat hooted all round: but nothing happened. We are now settled here for a few days — Roger came here) Thursday — a lovely valley with hills not too near the Wordogne running past; a perfect small Inn) think: clean; pâté de foie gras at every meal, Cobra & rolls: & - with Roger, to inspirate me that the White Heather is better. The only drawback is watery cocoa. Thunderstorms, & a cultivated Englishman, who with) know from out to be Harry Norton's Cousin. Why we don't live in France) can't think. The more silence of the telephone is alone enough: no Colefax: no Enjoyments. And we sat on the river bank last night in a vineyard & saw ... no no: I will not even say, as dinner is about to ring. We have a lovely rose pink wine. Why aren't you here! But then, you would have to tolerate your fringe. There a most remarkable church; it's like Italy in many ways. And we went into a grotto & saw the stalactites dripping. Red & green. How many pictures have you sold? What criticisms? I'm ashamed of this scribble, redeemed only by pure love.

Place write. B.

NYPL HAMILL 2/10/68

Aug 25 19

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Tuesday

This is only to say that I'm coming over to tea tomorrow, which is Wednesday, unless you stop me — unless that is, you've had enough of your time, who adores you, & can't stay away from you. I find there are all sorts of trains & omnibuses & possible combinations, so that I can't on my own toes. It's a hazy hot day here: Leonard has been clipping his yews; there's been meandering over the downs. & flying to wait Congreve, & there's not much village news, save that Louie went in a boat yesterday for the first time in her life. How, being a mother at 14, she preserves this innocence & zest after adventures with her friend, the I don't know.

Welchwoman. Mrs Pocock, come to help in the
house, a looks like the most sophisticated
Bloomsbury Bunny, only more confident. There's
no doubt civilisation is beginning at the
bottom, so that we shall all be overtaken, before long.
No letter yet, but then that's Bank holiday;
& Leonard is glad, because he can work his
book, & likes opening a letter, & thanking
myself loved. I've written to Magery to tell her
to send more articles, & will bring them when we
come up on Tuesday.
Into Helen's box.
Green cave, no light
So we dine in the
romantic profusion
blocks all the windows. Sunday always
natural & wolves - this dear leakage; &
now I must stop chattering to my darling dolphin &
go to the post, & hope for a letter & then
play bowls, & then put the kettle on; but
all the time adoring my lovely dolphin, & longing to
see her. B.

NYPL

HAMILL 2/10/88